

HOME READING.

The Four Seasons.

Spring is a lovely, lovely fair,
With her robes of green and gold;
Summer is a lovely, lovely fair,
With her robes of green and gold;
Autumn is a lovely, lovely fair,
With her robes of green and gold;
Winter is a lovely, lovely fair,
With her robes of green and gold.

Good-by, Proud World.

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;

An Old Whaler's Yarn.

"Did I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again would I make the same choice?" "Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—being a whaler—no flatterings here, and no bad hand on his broad chest. But when a man's ship comes to be a wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is, let him give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, gentleman of England, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in his brother Henry's drawing-room after dinner and a heavy day's sport among the turpins, and the Captain commonly uses an immense double-barrelled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

Captain Harding is not after our received notion of a sailor: he is sufficiently broad, but much too tall with it; a pale-faced man with a full white beard, he is rather bleached and aged than bronzed by his foreign experiences—fifty-five, he looks sixty, also, instead of the sailor's roll, he has an erect, military carriage, partly to be accounted for by his five years' service in our local volunteers, of whom he is a most efficient officer; he occasionally orders the piping of all his men instead of the assembly, and all taut in order of dressing up.

It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding, "let a boy have the sea fever on him, and let the sham thing that a month's coasting will cure, but the real truth for the sailor, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be quick. I, for example, should I have made a man at home, now, however?"

"You are a man and a half," interposed the brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was a large way of business, but he had little capital—I should have done nothing at the landrums, millwheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sententially.

"It is, it is," Jack and Miss Waven were turned out of the nest to make room for a second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

"But there are very many dangers attending whale-fishing, are there not?" asked—sharks, and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them, Miss Waven, we just get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gunwales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up, and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale's back, they occasionally take a next piece out of him by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have not known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind one of a lot of blue-bottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like, the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage, Parley—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven? his brother was one. The whale brought down his tail on the boat, and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just where my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had, in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'There is your ship, Harding—everything, we think,

in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. What ever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write—we shall be glad to hear.' Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas; for the Antarctic summers in the Australian seas. For six years, though, coming home between whales, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and a line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at the end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look-out is sent off, and kept going, relieved at the intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good-sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth five hundred pounds, and some large ones bring in as much as a thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up by the ship. This is done by jaw-boning him—work often falling to my share."

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make a good running noose, as you call it, in it. You stand with this noose well advanced in your right hand, so as to avoid entanglement; your steersman brings the boat immediately over the spot where the whale is gone down; your best man—the man with the readiest eye and most reliable nerve—stands, lance in hand, prepared to put any too curious shark; at the right moment you leap into the water, and diving, fasten the noose on the teeth of the whale. You know the jaws of a large whale are from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, the teeth are about six inches long, and a foot apart. You can get a capital purchase on these, and the thing is done in a minute."

"Rather you than me, though," said my brother.

"The captain, like all truly brave men, was modest. 'O,' said he, naively, 'all you want is to calculate before you go down. Only say I have to do this and thus and thus, and when the thing is to be done you will have twice the confidence and twice the dexterity. The danger, of course, is the sharks. The rope fixed, it is easy towing to the ship.'

"But don't you often get your boats smashed in?" asked Henry.

"O yes, that's an affair of frequent occurrence, and if you are engaged with a whale towards the end of the day, a source of extreme danger. For, of course, there is no twilight in those equatorial regions—now, broad daylight; ten minutes hence, darkness. You get stuck in just as the sudden darkness sets in, and the chances are you perish. For by the morning, the ship quite ignorant of your whereabouts, may have drifted miles out of sight. Now, I did see a brave thing done once in an affair of this kind. You know, ladies, or more probably, you do not know a whale's boat—there are three or four of them to a ship—is some thirty feet long and as thin as a lath."

"Thin as a lath?" exclaimed Henry.

"Three cuts to the inch plank, in fact."

"But I should have thought you could not have had them too strong, so as to resist the strokes of the whale."

"The stoutest boat made to handle would not do that; so those answer in that respect as well; and they are much more convenient for lowering from the ship and, for repairing. Thirty feet long as they are, you and I could carry one on our two shoulders with ease. When a boat is stove, we right-side it, lash the dars crossways so as to make a wide raftlike surface, there are ropes expressly affixed to the sides of the boats, and all sit down to await assistance. Of course we are stationary; but this sitting down, the weight of our bodies is not more than a pound or two on the boat; the water never supports us; if we stand up the boat sinks immediately. I once stood up—the water breast-high—for three hours. Bless you, it's a luxurious position in thick climates—provided your comrades look like eventually coming to your assistance. Well, on the particular occasion I have in mind, we fell in with a large whale late in the night, with the ship at least three miles to leeward. We were stove in, and as Cole-ridge has it, 'at one stride comes the dark.' The ship is miles away, the other boats far beyond hail, there does not appear a hope of salvation. Then one man gets up from among us and says he will swim for it. He does not propose trying for the ship, that is quite out of the question. But he points out how, in order themselves to reach the ship, the other boats must at some one spot come within three quarters of a mile of us, and he hopes, in spite of the sharks, in spite of the darkness, to happen upon their path, when he will bring them to us, and over the side the man went, and we waited and waited, and listened, and waited, in no very long time we heard the grateful splash of oars, and they brought us all off safely. I do call that a brave fellow. Our passive endurance was of a very different quality. It was touch and go both for him and for us. I never had a nearer—except once, perhaps, when a whale, with a clever backstroke of his fin, took my left eyebrow stroke off to the bone; and the captain pointed to a very visible scar. 'A trifle further, Miss Waven, and I should not be here to tell you the tale; that I should not, as I am a man alive.'

"Yes," said my brother, "there is something very admirable about that man's act. Mr. Kavanagh might have remained in Lucknow with the other brave men and women; but he went out and won the Victoria Cross. Ah! sailors are subject to so much exposure, a little excess may be forgiven them."

"Now I'll tell you. I am fifty-five, and I was thirty years at sea—I was never screwed more than twice in my life. Once when I was a boy, and somebody who ought to have known better gave me some doctor's stuff; and again on the occasion of my joining my second ship. I had something to remember that last by. As I went on board, a mate says, 'Harding, how are you, old chap?' 'Right as a trivet,' says I, 'right as a trivet. And it passed into a byword amongst them, 'Harding's being as right as a trivet. It is a Suffolk saying, you know. I had a plan of my own with

my crew. I found spirits in that hot climate did not agree with me, nor, indeed, any fermented liquors. So for myself I prepared a mixture of best Scotch oatmeal and water—the water simply poured over the oatmeal, about a pint to a spoonful. I found it very nourishing as well as thirst-satisfying. Now if I had gone to my men, and in so many words recommended it to them in the place of grog, they would have turned up their noses. But by putting a pill of it on the deck, and making a point of helping myself from it, in less than no time I had them following my example; and soon, like me, they would drink little else."

"It is a strange life," said the captain, passing his hand immediately over his hair.

"When you get into the seas where the compass dips perpendicularly, you expect strange things though. 'Now I'll tell you,' this favorite preface. My brother Jack went to sea a year later than I, consequently our spells at home timed differently, and we lost all reckonings of each other. I had not seen him for twelve years, and I did not even know in what ship he was. I was second mate, or chief mate, I forget which, in the ship Eclipse, and it was in the Australian Seas. There is a certain peculiarity in the form sailors speak of their vessels. 'I was at the look-out. I reported a sail, and the next minute I sighted a whale. The captain would not bear down on the latter lest the other ship should observe it and, being nearer, forestall us. But, in spite of our caution, in only lowering the boats, they perceived our object and followed our example; reaching the whale first, of course it became their lawful prey. As the boats neared each other, I sang out, 'Halloa, that's Jack,' meaning the officer in charge of the stranger's boat. I had not seen him for twelve years; but, bless you, I knew his build in a minute. Just as I spoke the whale indulged in a few antics, and they were all thrown into the water. We were pulling to their assistance, when it happened that another whale spouted to the right. 'By, by, Jack,' I shouted, with a wave of my hand; the boat's head was brought round, and we were off after it in a trice. We did not see one another again for eleven months. Now if you had to tell that in a book I doubt whether you'd get believed. 'A pretty brother for you,' said Jack, telling the tale only a few weeks ago to a lot of gentlemen. 'We had not seen each other for twelve years, and then he left me struggling in the water to go after a whale.' 'Quite right too,' I replied. 'You'd have done the same.' 'That I should,' he said, 'for the whale was worth five hundred pounds, and I know I was not—at that time.' Of course I knew he was in no danger; a whaler is, or ought to be, amphibious."

"It ought to be a paying concern, and I suppose it is?" said Henry.

"It was, but it is not now. I never went a voyage after I became master of a ship without bringing home from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds for my share of profits. But now, what with gold fields in California, and gold fields in New Holland, 'the name he always used for Australia,' you can't keep your crews—men worth having, that is. A lot of riff raff I dare say you could have; but they are not the stuff for whalers. I left it as soon as I found how the wind lay."

The captain told us much more worth knowing; but this is all I remember with sufficient distinctness.

It was a rough night for his walk home, so my brother lent him an overcoat. It was of rather peculiar fashion, and required a little ingenuity in the putting on. When, after a minute of anxious examination, the captain announced that the ropes were all right we could not refrain from smiles.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

"You've got some nice wood over there in your yard," said a seedy-looking tramp to an Austin avenue lady.

"Yes," said the lady of the house.

"I would like to carry it in for you," said he.

"My husband intends to carry it in," she replied.

"Well," said the tramp, "I will carry it in and pile it up nice, if you will give me my breakfast."

At this offer the lady consented and the tramp went to work.

After he had carried in a couple of armfuls the lady stepped to the door and found him sitting on the pile with his claws on his knees and his face buried in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"Oh, lady," said he, looking up, "I am so weak, for I have had nothing to eat since day before yesterday," and he again covered his face with his hands.

This seemed to arouse the lady's sympathy, and she went in and soon returned with an excellent breakfast.

After he had swept everything from the board, he arose and said, "Thanks, my good lady, for this sumptuous repast. Now let me give you this advice. Never let your sympathy get away with your discretion. I'm off, Ta, ta!" and he walked majestically out of the front gate.

The tramp had gone but a short distance when he became drowsy.

He seated himself on a curbstone and a few moments later, having two or three violent spasmodic contractions of the stomach, he lost his ill-gotten breakfast. Indeed his stomach would have followed suit had it not been thoroughly dove-tailed to his diaphragm. He believed that he was poisoned and he became very much alarmed. As soon as he regained strength enough to get to his feet, he slowly retraced his steps and found the lady standing in the front door.

"Madam," said he, in piteous tones, "my breakfast did not stay on my stomach. I believe I'm poisoned."

"That is not to be wondered at," said she. "I suspected your little game, having been caught once before in the same way, so I prepared myself for it by dosing your coffee with tartar emetic. Now let me give you a little advice: Never again let your rascality get away with your breakfast. To be a dead beat dars everything. Ta, ta!" and she shut the door in his face.

The tramp started sorrowfully down the street wondering, no doubt, where and how he could get a breakfast that would stay with him.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.—Nervous

man—Dear, dear me, it's a shame that they should permit a boiler factory in the very heart of a great city like this.

Wife (soothingly)—That isn't a boiler factory, love. It's a street band playing an air by Wagner.

The Three Wishes.

Suleyman and his three sons, Hassan, Abdallah and Kirym, were sitting in the courtyard of their house in Djeh, enjoying the cool shadow of evening after the heat of the day.

So great was the wisdom of Suleyman, that people came from far off countries to hear his words, and no one thought of appealing from any decision of his.

"I am an old man," said he, "and for me the night of death is almost as near as that whose shadows are fast closing around us. And, that there may be no disputing when I am gone, I will now make distribution of my possessions among you."

Opening three rolls of parchment, which lay beside him, he proceeded: "On this is enumerated the half of all I own, and which will be the share of him who shall give the wisest answer to the question I propound. An equal division of the remainder is inscribed on these other pages for the other two."

All three bowed in acquiescence, and Suleyman went on: "As in the year, the hours of darkness and light are even, so in life there is a joy for nearly every sorrow, and seldom a smile which does not precede a tear. But there are attributes which help men to escape some misfortune, and others which impel them to grief and confusion. Tell me, then, each of you, what gift you would desire, whereby life might be made to yield the most happiness."

The brothers mused for awhile, then Kirym, with the impetuosity of youth, exclaimed: "I would ask for love—without it there could be no joy—with it misfortune would lose its bitterness."

"And I," said Hassan, the eldest, "would choose success. That man whose ventures succeed can afford to smile at the inevitable perils of fate and hold his own with chance."

Now, Abdallah spoke: "If all the blessings which the Prophet holds in his hands were laid before me, I would plead for such impetuousness of feeling as would render me indifferent to praise or blame, love or hate, the smile or frown—'Fortune.'"

"Abdallah, you have well chosen," said Suleyman. "They who are exalted by joy have a corresponding depth to fall when overthrown by misfortune. Love is the rose of sunrise, which, while it lasts, colors everything with its flush. Success is the burning heat of noonday; but the attribute which you would choose endows its possessor in the cool calmness of twilight, wherein there is rest and peace."

V. B. H.

A Laughable Mistake.

The death is announced from Florence of Giambattista Giuliani, one of the great Dante scholars of Italy—or Danitese, as the Dante scholars love to call themselves. This denomination has led to many an absurd *quid pro quo*, especially when printers substituted an *e* for the *a*. So a *quid pro quo* formed the theme of an excellent anecdote regarding the late King of Saxony, himself a Danitese, who wrote on the great Florentine and translated his works into German under a pseudonym.

The king loved the incognito in any shape and often traveled thus with the queen. Once when on board a Rhine steamer, a simple passenger, they overheard a knot of civilians discussing some literary theme. The king joined the circle, and entered into the debate, displaying rich and varied literary knowledge. After some time he went away, and during his absence one of the party addressed the queen with the query as to who her husband was, for surely he must be a man of literary note. "It is my husband," said the queen, replying in French, "and my husband is the first Danitist in Germany." There was almost a little scandal at the thought that they should have talked so long and familiarly with a dentist, for of the party were some petty German nobles, who are snobs of the first water. The queen noticed this change of front with some amusement, and when the king rejoined her she whispered something into his ear, at which he nodded and spoke no more. So, after the steamer stopped at a little station, three or four personages in full gala costume stepped on board, went up to their majesties, bowed humbly, and craved that they would halt to see the celebrities of their town. Renewed surprise among the circle of disputants. One of them, a Frenchman, approached one of the dignitaries who had spoken to the supposed dentist, and asked, pointing to the king: "Is he really the first dentist in Germany?" "Yes, monsieur."

"And his name?"

"The King of Saxony."

The consternation of the snobbish little group can sooner be imagined than described.—London World.

The Hot-Water Cure.

It is remarkable how an old idea may be "revamped," and made to pass for new. Remember you may have had a real mother, who blundered her life with yours, recapitulating your wants and ever watchful of ills that might overtake you. And if you do not remember, you have heard how she cured you of colic with warm herb tea, and hot draughts to your feet; she cured cramp by dipping strips of flannel in hot water, then wringing them out and enveloping your neck with them; how she cured a cold and cough by wetting several thick pieces of flannel in hot water and laying them on your chest. But the world has forgotten its experiences, and hot water poses as a brand new remedy; not only for ailments for which it is especially adapted, but it is recommended by some who ought to know better for diseases where it might do positive harm.

Do not imagine that because water is abundant, is found everywhere, even in stones and metals, it has no potency as a curative agent. It stands at the head of the list of remedies, and enters into all compounds. It constitutes five-sixths of the material from which the bodies of men and animals are made. A knowledge of these facts will enable us to see more clearly how water, and particularly hot water, acts as a remedial agent. Take for example, the case of a person who has taken cold in the lungs. The circulation of the blood in the small blood vessels in that portion of the lungs affected becomes sluggish; in some cases it is quite suspended; the general circulation is impeded through failure of an important organ to do the work required of it, and the whole system suffers; the man is ill. Now, if we know why the disease exists, by what

unnatural condition it is kept up, the remedy suggests itself, as if a water pipe were frozen up, any child knows that the remedy is heat. And here is just where water, as warm as it can be comfortably borne, will affect a cure in ordinary cases. Let the patient go to bed. Put bottles of hot water to his feet, and clothes wet in hot water to his chest. Let him drink hot water as freely as he can with comfort; it matters little whether it is clear hot water, or herb tea, it is nevertheless hot water. With this treatment we are employing hot water at its full value. Its internal use tends to thaw out the blood vessels, and its outward application quickens the circulation in the blood vessels near the surface, thus drawing on the deep-seated blood vessels for supplies to keep up the activity, and thus the congestion is relieved and the patient is cured.

In dyspepsia, hot water taken internally, under proper restrictions, is no doubt useful, since dyspepsia depends on a congested and deranged condition of the digestive organs. But in consumption and other diseases attended by general debility, it can only be detrimental. When a person is feeble from disease not marked with acute inflammation, the hot water treatment necessarily increases the debility. Here a tonic treatment is applicable—a treatment that will increase and enrich the blood and supply the fuel required to keep the machinery of life in motion. The hot water treatment is useful in removing obstructions from the machinery, but only in systems where there is a surplus of vital power.

To recapitulate: The drinking of hot water at proper intervals and in proper quantities is useful in dyspepsia, constipation, torpid liver, congestion of the stomach, chronic diarrhoea, and in various affections of the kidneys and bladder; provided that there are not at the same time serious diseases of the lungs, with debility.

The water should be as hot as tea is usually made, that is, from 110° to 150°, and should be sipped, not taken rapidly. The quantity should be from half a pint to a pint. It should be taken one to two hours after meals, and nothing should be eaten until at least one hour afterward. The evening draught should be just before going to bed. The hot water treatment should continue until a cure is effected; the time required will vary from one to six months.—Holt's Journal of Health.

His Order Served.

A typical cowboy, fresh from the herd, went into Elitch's chop house last night. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plains seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandanna handkerchief from around his throat, he looked disdainfully around him.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the cator and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away," he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want a rattlesnake on toast."

"Rattlesnake on toast!" yelled out the waiter.

"Rattlesnake on toast!" responded the cook.

There was a slight flutter among the guests at this strange order, and the cowboy was scanned by many curious eyes.

He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken, and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw cooks and waiters engaged in filling orders, and looking as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a nonchalant air, and picked his teeth with his fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and cutting a strip the proper shape, placed it in a spider.

The waiter who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccaner of the pampas.

"Will you have your snake well done or rare?"

"Rare, with codles of milk gravy on it."

"Gimme that snake rare—milk gravy on the side," was hallooed to the cook.

"Snake rare, milk gravy—side," the cook shouted back.

"Say!" said the bovine steerer as the waiter passed by him, "I'll take it well done."

"Make it well done," was answered back.

The larriest wrestler began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued melancholy shade had taken its place. He fidgeted in his chair and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganyemed, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. "Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes. Others prefer Chili colorado. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the cator. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yesterday. Fat and tender."

While the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steer puncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out and he became pale around the gills.

"I don't think I'll eat anything. I ain't hungry," he said, as he rose unsteadily to his feet and reached for his hat.

"Maybe you'd prefer briled moccasin," insinuatingly suggested the waiter.

"No," he replied, as the ashen pallor deepened on his face. "I'm not a bit hungry." He cast another glance at the dish he had ordered, and made a break for the door. He forgot to "pay at the counter."

Cheyenne Sun.

Little Rudolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing in the morning.

At the table his hostess anxiously inquired, "Rudolph, can you cut your own meat?" "Humph!" said Rudolph, who was saving away, "can't I? I've cut up a great deal tougher meat than this at home."—Harper's Bazar.

The picnic season is upon us, and the greatest ambition of the average young man is to have some one invent a pair of pants the color of custard pie.—Oil City Blizard.

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Besides an immense stock of Pier and Mantel Glasses, Extension Tables, Dining-room Chairs, Bookcases, Chiffoniers, Wardrobes, Marble-top Tables, Lounges of all kinds, Window shades, Linoleum, Mattresses of all kinds, Children's Carriages, Refrigerators, Wire Safes, Stoves and Ranges, and everything in the housekeeping line at

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